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GOURDS and BRAINS

Sam Jordan White

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BY

SAM JORDAN WHITE

A SURE CURE FOR THE BLUES

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"Keep a-smiling', my good brother,
That's the way through life to go;
Still a-laughin', don't you worry,
An' dull care won't have a show.
Check your trunk for sunshine country
Where old trouble never strays,
An' you'll help th' world be merry
While y' live through happy days.

"If you feel bad, just remember
There's a heap worse off than you,
But they smile and keep on hoping
And their days are never blue.
What's the use, friend, of complaining?
It won't bring you nothing good,
While you'll sure be well and happy
If you smile and saw your wood."

SAM JORDAN WHITE

JUST A STATEMENT

The author of this book was born on a farm near Tompkinsville, Kentucky, in the midst of the Pennyroyal section of the state. (The native people usually call it "Penny Rile.") He had but little chance to attend school in early life, but studied morning, noon and night, reading history and committing speeches to memory. At the age of twenty-one, he went to Nashville, Tennessee, where he attended college. Worked one year on a farm in Illinois to get money to complete his education. Never saw a steam engine until he was twenty-one years old and on his way to college, but since that time he has traveled two hundred and twenty thousand miles in the United States and Canada. Was State Evangelist of Florida for eight years and preached two years in that state as pastor of some small churches. Made his home in Savannah, Georgia, for three and a half years, also lived in Mississippi a number of years serving the church at Meridian as pastor for three years and after that served at West Point. He has been lecturing for the past ten years, but seldom giving more than three lectures a month on account of his pastoral duties. Is author of "Lights Along the White Way," "The Rose and Its Fragrance" and "Hard Nuts to Crack." He has always believed that every man and woman owes the world a smile.

GOURDS AND BRAINS

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

In beginning this lecture to-night, I am reminded of the fellow who went to a town to deliver a lecture on "Brains." When he went to get off of the train, an old negro porter met him and asked to carry his grip. The lecturer said, "I have no grip." The old negro looked him over once or twice and said, "You ain't got no grip, boss?" The man looked disgusted at him and said, "No, I have no grip." Then the negro asked what he was selling. "I sell brains," the man replied. And the negro said, "Boss, you are de fust man what eber come here sellin' anything and didn't bring any samples wid him."

I am to address you on the subject of "Gourds and Brains," and I am aware of the fact that I have plenty of gourds and I hope to find the brains.

I lectured in Florida once and the folks kept clapping their hands. Finally I turned and said to a man near me, "They are surely enjoying my lecture," when he replied: "Man they are not clapping at your lecture, they are fighting mosquitoes."

I am a Kentuckian and was born on a farm—and I presume you think I should be there yet—but I got away. I used to plow a little mule and think of the time when I would be a Congressman or a Senator—the little mule was not to blame. And I am still dreaming; but not about that. I was not born in the Bluegrass of Kentucky, but among the "Penny Rile" (pennyroyal). There were hard maple trees, and I would often, in the early spring, cut little trenches on the trees and suck the juice from the trees. I heard of a fellow who was reared in the same state and a man was introducing him, who said: "I now have the

pleasure of introducing to you one of Kentucky's sapsuckers." I have always been careful since that time about a man introducing me, for fear he might know where I am from.

I think my subject is a good one, for I certainly have plenty of "gourds" here. The head is the "gourd" I wish to speak of this evening, and on the inside, gourd seeds or brains. A man said to another one, "Your head reminds me of a town I heard of once." The fellow asked what town it was, and he said, "Marblehead." The man was questioning the boy about a stone which had been thrown through the window of a house and said, "Was the stone as large as my fist?" The boy said, "Yes, it was as large as your fist." "Was it as large as my two fists?" asked the man. "Yes, it was as large as your two fists," the little fellow replied. The man then asked, "Was it as large as my head?" The little fellow looked up to him and said, "Yes, it was as large as your head, but not as thick."

I hope to be able to show you the importance of the proper training of the brain and that it should begin in early life. We cannot lay too much stress on early training, for it is worth all the time and energy we put into it to properly train the young mind and heart. It is like the old bachelor and old maid who got to courting. They were very timid at first. One day they boarded a train for a little trip and it ran into a tunnel. While they were in the dark, the old bachelor kissed the old maid, and when the train darted out into the light again both were very much embarrassed and neither knew what to say. The old bachelor finally said, "They tell me this tunnel cost five million dollars." She said, "It is worth every cent of it, too." We may think it costs too much to look carefully after the children, but in the years to be we shall find that all our efforts have not been in vain. There are many things that go to make up character, and we must see to it that these principles are instilled into the heart in early life. Let each parent do his or her part. The woman said to her husband, "John, a man and his wife should pull together like two big horses hitched

to a wagon," and he said, "They could if there was only one tongue between them."

Let the mother and father speak the same thing and teach the child to look on the sunny side of life always. Learn early not to mope through life. Smile when it rains and make a ray of sunshine when there is none and you will always find a welcome in every heart. The world is looking for your smile; don't disappoint it. Be sure you are moving and not the other party. An old woman got on the train with her daughter, "Sal." The train was standing dead still and a fast train came by. The old lady jumped up and down on the seat and said, "Sal, this is the easiest thing I ever rid on in my life." Let us be sure we are moving all the time. A man is successful when he leaves the world better than he found it.

I am now going to lay the foundation for my lecture this evening in a few serious moments, and I hope that all will give the closest attention to all I have to say. One moment we will be under the cloud and the next moment in the sunlight.

I am sure you will pardon me, if, while I speak to you on the subject chosen for this address, "Gourds and Brains," I should bring to you some treasures of thought gleaned by years of patient study. A rosebud or two plucked from the garden of fancy I am sure would meet with your approval. We are concerned about the material things of life, and yet sometimes as we wander in a field where grows the richest and most luscious fruit, we can get as much real joy from the opening flower that the honey-bee sips as from the mature harvest. To wander in an orange bower, when the sweet blossoms scent the breeze of a spring morning, is as delightful as to pluck and eat the golden fruit. There is as much comfort and joy to sit beside the ocean and see its changing wonders as to plunge beneath its waters and cool our scorching brows. Then, we believe that from the realm of fancy we can draw lessons of comfort. The better elements of thought may here and there be overhung by flowers and wreathed with honeysuckles. The beautiful is

always to be appreciated, and I trust that in this lecture, if I perhaps may stop where flowers bloom and rivulets murmur, you will pause a moment with me to catch the scent of the rose or listen to the song of the brook. I am to travel in a path over which thousands have gone. I am to wander in a wilderness where many other hands have gathered flowers. I am to stray in a grove from which ripened fruit has been gathered by those who have passed before. I am to paint upon the canvas where others have thrown rainbow colors. I am to play upon the harp that fingers of skilled artists have touched. You will not expect too much of me then, I am sure, for men of mature minds have passed this way in years that have gone. I am not seeking to open up a new mine of wealth, to discover a new path through a tangled forest, or to pluck the sweetest flowers that were ever gathered by human hands; but I shall be satisfied if I can glean only a little gold in an already worked mine, pluck one flower that others have overlooked, or claim one rosebud from the garden others have gathered from.

The human mind is ever unfolding. It has progressed beyond that ever dreamed of. It has taken step by step until its calculations have reached to the fartherest bounds that the world has known. It has analyzed the invisible atmosphere that surrounds the earth. It has found the birth chambers of the tempest and surveyed the path of the traveling storm. It has discovered the palace of Iris and the pleasure grounds of her attendant nymphs. It has harnessed the lightning and dissected the sunbeam in its descent. The mind of man has walked the bottom of the sea, walked amid the clouds, roved amid the stars. But it has not yet enabled man to grasp with an arm of flesh the products of other worlds or tread on distant spheres.

Man has contrived means to advance his thought across seas and continents with more rapidity than if provided with the wings of some celestial bird. Man shelters beneath the palm tree of the Torrid Zone and lives amid the snows of the Polar Region. He has traced the orbits and weighed the materials of other worlds; has followed the path of the

comet in its million mile dash through the home of the stars and told of its return to us after having conversed with other worlds.

Through the development of the mind, man has provided the electric spark, by which our cities are as light at night as by day. He has invented the locomotive that rushes onward at the rate of sixty miles an hour from city to hamlet of this world. But the intellectual man is worthless unless with his culture and his work he has sought to be good as well as great. I would impress upon you now that there are four principles that go to make up a noble man or woman. These are the beautiful, the useful, the honorable, and the good. Now, as I speak of the beautiful, I do not mean the outward or physical being. The plaiting of the hair, the adorning of the body with jewelry, the rosy tints of the face—made by powder—they do not go to make real beauty. The true beauty comes from the heart. It is the expression of a great soul within. The heart of an individual must be beautiful before the life can be made so. As one is in mind, so will he be in action. The face of an individual is usually an index to character. If men and women love the society of the refined and pure, then they will express it to the world through an innocent face and deeds of love. No life can be beautiful without first being good.

Usefulness is that quality or principle of the heart that fits us for our work among men. He is only useful who strives to elevate the human family. Man was made to bless his fellow man. "None liveth to himself" is written upon the brow of every sunset, upon the trees, in the dewdrop, in the snow-flake. Moon and stars proclaim this truth. Every man has his part to play on the stage of life, and if he falls short then the work or service he might have done or rendered can never be done by another. It must remain undone forever.

Honor comes to us for our real worth. If one is honorable, he will attract those with whom he comes in contact. It is excellence of character, noble deeds, a pure heart and an honest purpose. Honor may be given by men and yet the one honored may not be worthy in the least, for there

must be nobility of character before any one can be honorable. With our Father in heaven no one is honorable who is not true to every trust committed to his keeping. Some men stand high among men and yet at heart they are sinful.

Polish is all right in its place, but it will not always hide criminal actions. Like pent up waters, some day it will break loose and leave destruction in its path. Honor will attract esteem from the courteous and refined.

There is another principle of our nature that is very important, and that is goodness. If we separate ourselves from it we are then worthless. It redeems us from our coarse nature. It fits us for nobler and better work. It holds the animal passions in subjection and enthrones the better elements. He who is good is great. Though he may not be known beyond the narrow limits of his own neighborhood, yet he is great, for he writes his name with love upon the hearts of those he meets in life. Without this principle one cannot be a true man or woman. We cannot serve our country or our God. We cannot be happy without it. It leads us to fuller joy and we walk where bright waters shimmer.

Our colleges are to-day training the minds of our boys and girls without paying much attention to the inner life. We are becoming more and more materialists, and it is all done through the college. What are the young men and women learning at the present time in our great colleges? Nine-tenths of our institutions know but little about God and teach but little of the Christ into the lives of the young. Did you ever see a young lady go off to college and learn to simply be a "butterfly." She learns to leave out the "r" in all her words. She says "My arm huts" without ever sounding the "r" whatever. I heard one of these little sisters recite this poem once. I will recite it as it should be and then as she did:

"Little Pearl Hunny Dew, six years old,
From her bright ear parted the curls of gold,
And laid her head on the strawberry bed
To hear what the red-cheeked berries said;
Their cheeks were blushing, their breath was sweet,

And she could almost hear their little hearts beat.
And the tiniest, lisping, whispering sound.
That ever you heard came up from the ground."

I have given you this as it should be and now I give it as she recited it.

(Here the speaker recited it without sounding a single "r.")

One of these little girls who had been to college came home and would lie in bed until eleven o'clock and then come down stairs and ask her mother if breakfast was ready. Her poor old mother would be down in the backyard, breaking her back over the washtub, singing "rub-a-dub-dub" on the old washtub. Go down, little sister, and make it a duet, instead of a solo, and you will feel better all the rest of your life.

This same little girl went out into the country and saw the big windmill running, pumping water for the farm, and she said to the farmer: "I never knew before that it took that big a fan to keep the farm cool." She walked around on the other side of the barn and saw all the cattle chewing their quid and said, "How in the world do you furnish chewing gum for those cattle?" She then went to the house and seated herself by the window, and the wind was blowing and there were apple trees all around the house. She said, "How those apple trees do moan." A little four-year-old boy, seated there with his chin in his hands, said, "Yes'am, and if you were as full of green apples as them there apple trees are, you would moan some yourself."

There is a practical side of life that every one should know. Every girl should know how to knit and how to cook and do housework. What is life to the one who does not know these things? They are unfit for any real service in life. There is as much in domestic education as there is in literary education. We should teach both to our girls and boys, but if we can only give one, then give the domestic education every time. It is sad to see a girl growing up to womanhood and know nothing about domestic duties. Such girls are fit only to walk the streets and make eyes at every

dudelet they meet on the streets. They never learn how to do anything, except to lead a poodle dog around and once in a while kiss the dog. A dog which has to be treated this way has my sympathy always. Little sisters, like this, try to dress in the latest of fads and fashions. No difference what the fashion is, they get in line. When bloomers came around at first, a little "sissy" dressed up in a pair of them and got on a bicycle and started down to a town by the name of "Wearum." She had only gone a few miles when she lost her way. She saw an old farmer plowing in the field. When she got near him he saw her, but could not tell what it was he saw. He said to his mule, "whoa," and began looking at the strange object in the road. In a minute he had turned his back upon the mule and was wholly intent upon the object just outside. He would jerk the lines slightly and say "whoa" to the mule. She alighted and ran up to the fence and said, "Mister, is this the way to Wearum?" The old farmer looked her over a time or two and said, "I never seed anything like 'um, but if there is any other way to wearum, I would wearum tother way."

Young ladies, your destiny is greater than that of man. Your career of usefulness is wider. You are the crowning work of the Almighty hand.

> "The earth was a desert and the Garden was a wild,
> And man, the hermit, sighed until woman smiled."

Before woman came, earth's forests and flowers were but mockery to man. He heard the turtle dove whispering love songs. He saw the panther fondling her cubs. He felt a loneliness, an aching void that had never been filled. Man slept and God took from his side a portion and made a woman. He touched the wound and healed it. He kissed the bone he took from man's side and a woman blushed into life. Her destiny is higher than that of man. Her prayers in the ears of the babe have guided nations to honor and fame. Her lips kiss away tears, and in their stead give smiles. Her love follows man from early infancy to old age with

its griefs and tears. She watches over the baby in infancy and prays for a wayward boy who wanders away in sin and crime. Her prayers have guided weary feet over rough roads in life's weary pilgrimage. She is the queen of the home, a jewel of life, a pearl of great price, and the fairest rose in the garden of earth. She kisses away bruises from baby's dimpled hand and touches with tenderness the brow of age. Young women, love the church and worship God. Don't be silly and make fun of God.

Some young girls think it smart to tell how long it has been since they were in church. The church is the backbone of every institution in the world which has the good of humanity as an object. You had better cling to the church and Christ the Lord for you will need them in the hour of death. Theatres and dancing halls will not go far toward getting you into heaven, but the church will. Worldliness will keep you away from life everlasting. Learn early to love the Kingdom of God. Mother, if you are teaching your girl to dance, you are only giving her a permit to hell, when you think you are teaching her to be graceful. You may teach her to be graceful and she will then bring disgrace upon you.

Did you ever see one of these little sisters grow up to maturity—physically, but not mentally, nor spiritually—and then try to sing in the church? God loves a good singer. Use your voice for God all that you can. Good singing is as good as good preaching and will convert as many souls to Christ. When you see a preacher on the rostrum, very nervous and cannot sit still, you may know they are almost killing him with what they call music. I have had the "It" sing for me a few times. She comes out to sing just powdered and painted to kill. She brushes her hair and looks into a little pocket glass about five times, then rises, and instead of going to the front, she wanders all about the platform on high-heel shoes. Her mate is at the piano clawing away like a hound puppy for a ham in the back yard. She is playing the prelude. Finally, she gets ready to sing, and she sings "Must I Empty-Handed Go," one of the sweetest songs in all the world. Her voice trills and rolls, then shrieks, screams

and pants, until it sounds like the house was full of screaming panthers, and finally, in one harsh thunder-tone, which almost burst the ceiling, she is done and not one understood what she said or intended to sing. Such singing will never convert one soul. Little girl, sing so folks can understand you. She has an operatic voice they say. Yes, she does, for an operatic voice is a voice which needs operating upon.

I am reminded of the two fellows who were sailors and had never been to church. They had anchored in port and one said to his chum, "Bill, I am going to church to-day," and went along. After a while he came back and Bill wanted to know something about what was done. He said: "They read a little, prayed a little and sang a little." Bill liked singing, so he wanted to know what they sang. But the one who had gone to church hardly knew. "They sang an hanthem" (an anthem). Bill wanted to know what a hanthem was. He said, "If I were to say to you, 'Bill. Bill! Bill! bring me that handspike, Bill,' that is not a hanthem; but if I were to say, 'Bill! Bill! Bill! bring me that handspike, Bill! Amen," that is a hanthem." The man wanted to know if a certain woman's voice moved him. He said it surely does, "For I have moved three times this year on account of it." I have been moved by certain voices and so have you. Train your voices to sing praise to God, young ladies, and you will be happy.

I must pause long enough to pay respects to the other side of the house. I am not speaking alone to the ladies this evening. It is up to you boys and young men to do as much for the world as the young ladies have done or will do. There stands before you, young men, great opportunities. Will you grasp them or let them go unheeded? I can gather inspiration from the very scene around me, as I look down the long isles of the future. Behold what a marvelous age! Who will be left in the great race of life? Who will bear the stings of vice and ignorance? Start to-day to acquire the right kind of knowledge. Look the world full in the face. Gird up your loins and dash toward the front. You cannot run the race with a load upon your shoulders. Throw down the

weights, then you can succeed. You cannot run with immorality weighing you down. You cannot be successful while blaspheming and taking the name of God in vain. Neither can you come out conqueror with a whiskey bottle in your pocket or a quid of tobacco in your mouth. This is an age of cleanliness. Tobacco is a twin evil with whiskey and we have succeeded in getting rid of most of the whiskey, and I pray how soon we can get rid of tobacco. What a curse it has been to the world, and yet men who claim to be religious use it and by their example teach boys to use it.

Church members, smoke and chew. Behold what a small object a sucker of a cigarette is. He is so small that you could blow him through the quill of a humming bird's wing into a gnat's eye, and the gnat would never wink its eye. His soul would rattle in a thimble like a marble in a two-gallon tin bucket. He is fit for nothing but to lead a billy goat around town, and then the goat ought to go into the butter business. A man with a son like him would feel like committing "sonny-side." It is justified because the preacher uses it. Now, let me tell you, young man, the minister of the Gospel who uses tobacco is a poor specimen for a leader, it makes no difference what pulpit he occupies. He is leading the young boys in paths of sin and by his own example many will be condemned to hell. His habit is as bad as the man who drinks and there is no way to explain it away. It is strange how much you can preach to a church on tobacco and then leave them, and the deacons and elders will call a tobacco fiend for their next pastor. The reason is, half or two-thirds of the deacons and elders use tobacco and the others are weaklings and let filth pass in. Did you ever notice the cigarette fiend? His head is the shape of an Irish potato, the inside of his head is full of emptiness, his mind like a piece of paper that never had any writing on it; his neck like a pencil, his legs like beanpoles, his body like a stovepipe, his arms like fishing rods, his eyes flash intelligence about like a marble; his nose, like a smokestack turned upside down; his teeth like gourd seed; his lips the color of six-months-old butter; his fingers like frog toes; his

hair about as coarse as hair on a mule's tail; talks as intelligently as the inmate of an asylum; acts as wise as a heathen; his breath smells like limburger cheese. I cannot say any more about nothing.

Come one and all and hear me tell
How strong tobacco smoke will smell;
All those who like a pipe so well,
And carry tobacco there to sell
And writes to social unions.

Sometimes you'll go to church and there you'll view
Some person who will sit and chew
And spit on carpet floor and pew,
Until it spreads a foot or two,
And sing of heavenly union.

Sometimes they take so large within
Until the juice runs down and stains the chin,
And then they all will sit and grin,
And think there is no little sin
In this tobacco union.

The ladies, they are very nice 'tis true,
But they have learned to use it, too!
It's enough to make a monkey laugh
To see them spit upon the hearth
And talk of marrying union.

Sometimes you'll see some five or six
Out in the woods a-cutting sticks;
These sticks are cut and swabs are made
And then in groups they will parade
And talk of snuff communion.

And their snuff boxes they'll pull out,
And with these swabs they'll dip it out,
And rub their mouths inside and out
And smear their faces all about,
And talk of slobbering union.

Tobacco is a filthy weed,
And from the ground it goes to seed;
It'll spoil the boy and burn his clothes,
Make a chimney of his nose,
From this tobacco union.

Did you ever see a man and woman kiss when both were using tobacco? Well, it is filth met filth. I had rather kiss a poodle than a man or woman who uses tobacco.

Young man, have an ambition to be something worth while in this world and rise above the common herd. If your daddy uses the weed, show you are bigger in mind and soul. Contribute to your ambition and go bravely into life's battles. Ambition has done everything for the world, temporarily speaking. It has dug the ore, harnessed the lightning, leveled the mountains, watered the deserts, sailed the seas, whirled the mills, bound the earth with steel, tunneled under the rivers, spanned them with bridges. It has drawn cars, driven ships, printed books and dug canals. It has flung the airship to the skies, explored unknown lands, found the North Pole, measured the distance of the stars, built cities, developed countries and drained lakes. I say ambition has done this, because it was the motive power which enabled man to do it.

Ambition lived in the breast of Scipio, that Roman general who captured and destroyed Carthage. It glowed in the breast of Seneca, that statesman, philosopher and moralist of Rome. It blessed Richelieu, the Frenchman, to curb the nobility of his people, to restore power to his subjects and grant religious toleration to Protestants. It pushed Joan of Arc to the head of an army and gave her the victory which crowned Charles the Seventh at Rheims. It gave Hannibal a strong arm to subdue the mighty Spanish forces and compel Rome to retreat. It blessed Melancthon to lead the Reformation after Luther's death. It guided the hand of Michael Angelo to throw upon the canvas objects of beauty and cut into mimicry the cold and pulseless stone.

You need not sit down and expect something to happen to you to make you rich or famous or successful, for it will never happen. You must work out your own destiny and do it bravely. There is no such thing in the world as luck or hap or fortune. He who wears the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit in his pocket for luck, will likely come out a pauper and a vagabond.

So many people are afraid of the number thirteen. Thirteen is like all other numbers. Thirteen stars are on all of our coin and represents the thirteen original states of the Union. There are seven thirteens on all the old quarters and six thirteens on the old half-dollars. No one has ever thrown money away because it was unlucky.

I took a trip to New York once. Yes, I have been to New York and got back, too. I had a friend who went along with me. He was a smaller man than I—I mean avordupois—and we took the boat from Savannah to the great city. He insisted that I take the lower berth, which I did, and there were little cups hanging on the side of our berths and we could not understand what they were for. We retired at eleven o'clock at night and about daylight struck a rough sea. I arose and went to see the sun rise, but went to the western window to see it get up. I knew that something was going to get up, whether the sun got up or not. I went back to my state room and retired. My friend then got up and went out on deck, saying that he was never seasick in his life, but he came back in a few minutes and said he did not want to leave me alone any longer. Soon after he had gotten snugly in bed, he began to heave, and at once he learned what the little cups were for. I yelled to him to hit his cup, for I was below. As it happened, we were never sick at the same time. I would be sick for ten minutes and then he would set in for ten or fifteen minutes. When I was at one of my hard spells, he said, "I know what is the matter, we are in stateroom thirteen." The fellow over in fourteen said, "You are a liar, for I am as sick as you are and I am in fourteen." I thought of the Irishman who was heaving by the side of the boat, and the captain said, "Pat, you must have a weak stomach." The Irishman said, "No, I reckon not for I am throwing it as far as any of the rest of them." I also thought of the old farmer who was once on a boat and became sick, and he had his red bandanna handkerchief in his coat pocket and while he was at his worst, a whiff of wind blew it out of his coat pocket, and he caught a glimpse of it and said, "There goes my liver." We landed safe and

sound in New York, none the worse off by having traveled in stateroom thirteen.

Grasp every opportunity you have and never let one get by. The young fellow asked for the daughter's hand and her father said, "If you grasp your opportunities, I will be glad to give you my daughter's hand. I am to test you out myself," he said. The young man agreed to it. So, the father stood him up in a narrow lane and told him to catch one of three calves that were to come by. The young fellow tried the first one, but it got by, for he did not put so much energy into his trial, knowing there were two more to pass that way. The second one he did better, but it got by also. He then resolved to do his best, for it was the third and last calf. His all depended on whether he let this one get by or not. He took off his coat and suspenders and tied the suspenders around his waist, rolled up his sleeves and yelled "I am ready, let him come." So, here came the calf right down the road in full tilt and the young man made a dive for him, fell all over the calf and grabbed for his tail with all his might; but alas, the calf had no tail and he had lost his opportunity, the girl would go to another man. He should have made the same effort to catch the first one that he did to catch the last one and he would have won.

If you find the iron hot, strike it, and if it is not hot, make it hot by striking. Pursue your object where there is no path, as well as where there is one. Go bravely into life's battles and turn not aside to pluck the wild flowers blooming near your pathway. Heed not the idiot laugh of revelry. Kindle your lights on distant mountain tops and call to the world, "Come on." Energy has done a great work and will ever do a great work. It gave Robert Emmett courage to stand unmoved in the very hour of death, and to meet it as submissive as a lamb. Courage was the secret of Mirabeau's oratory and the foundation of Milton's poetry. It enabled Shelley to carry his thoughts skyward and Shakesepeare to give to the world the most wonderful vocabulary of words and write his poetry forever on human hearts. It enabled Napoleon to conquer almost all the world.

Courage fired the heart of Patrick Henry when he utttered those memorable words, "Give me liberty, or give me death." It gave Washington that stormy determination in the darkest hour of the Revolution. It made Daniel Webster the champion of constitutional rights. It made Robert Young Hayne the Hercules of debate. It gave Abraham Lincoln that heroism to stand for liberty and union. It gave Jefferson Davis that bravery, that fearlessness, that valor, which enabled him to carry out his convictions of right in the face of an opposing world. It was the promethean fire that helped General Lee to move to the front of command and distinguish himself as one of the world's greatest generals. It glowed in the breast of Jackson and enabled him to stand unmoved like a "stone wall" when swords flashed and cannons roared around him. Courage has given to the world her greatest generals, her most distinguished statesmen, her wisest philosophers, and brightest intellects.

Now, I come to home life, the place where we begin in life and the place where we end. As is the home, so will be the life abroad. You cannot fool the world, little girl! If you help your mother at home, it will tell when you are abroad. If you are kind and gentle to mother, my boy, at home, you are sure to be good away from home. The home is the place where all religion begins. The church will never be better than the homes which make up the church. If you are unkind at home, then the unkindness will still be in you when away from home, though the world may not know it at the time. Little boy, don't be afraid to help your old mother wash the dishes. If others call you "sissy," never mind it, for it is good to keep close to mother.

When I was but a verdant youth,
  I thought the truly great
Were those who had attained, in truth,
  To man's mature estate.
And none my soul so sorely tried
  Or spoke such bitter things,
As he who said that I was tied
  To mother's apron strings.

I loved my mother, yet it seemed
That I must break away,
And find the broader world I dreamed
Beyond her presence lay.
But I have sighed and I have cried,
O'er all the cruel stings
I would have missed had I been tied
To mother's apron strings.

O happy joyous girls and boys!
The mother's way is best.
She leads you 'mid the fairest joys,
Through paths of peace and rest.
If you would have the safest guide
And drink from deepest springs,
Oh, keep your heart forever tied
To mother's apron strings.

The father and mother should love each other and let the children know that the same devotion exists that existed in early married life. So many married people forget to express their love to each other after they have been married for some time. I think now of a couple who had heard a lecture on "Sweethearts," and as they left the lecture hall, he said, "Honey, won't you take my arm?" She wanted to call him something sweet and said, "Alright, old beeswax, I will." Be just as attentive as you were in early married life and tickle her under the chin now and then. It will likely not scare her to death, though it may shock her at first. Some folks are married, and have been for years, yet do not know what love really is. Love is an all-over outwardness, an ever inwardness, an everlasting, sweet-aching pain. The way for any girl to tell when her beau is really in love is to have handy a bull dog. When he is bidding her good night, if the dog can bite a chunk out of the calf of his leg and he never know it until he gets home, you may rest assured that he is dead crazy in love.

Keep up your love, husbands, for the dear wife of your early choice and you will be happy until the end of life. Did you ever try to sing the love song you once sang to her in early life? Try it on your way home and see the rose tints

brighten on her face. Even old women like to be loved and told of your affection for them.

Row the boat lightly, love, over the sea,
Daily and nightly I'll wander with thee;
On its fair bosom contented I'll roam,
Every my darling to dwell in thy home.

Chorus:

We are happy and free, love,
As ever a crew could be.
So merrily now we rove, we rove,
So merrily now we rove, we rove, we rove,
So merrily now we rove,
Over the deep blue sea.

When the rough tempest is quiet and still,
I'll turn to thee, love, to know thy will:
And when we anchor on some bright strand,
I'll love thee, my darling, in that home-land.

Row the boat lightly, love, over the sea,
Daily and nightly I'll wander with thee;
And when that bright morning of glory we see,
I'll roam the fair land of heaven with thee.

If you can muster up courage enough to sing this song, you will find that life will be sweeter to you the rest of the way. Don't lose your voice by just not trying to sing. I know it sounds a little shackly now, but it will revive if you will use it more. The man said, "He just sang to kill time." The other fellow said, "You certainly have a good weapon."

Always do what your wife wants you to do and you will always be agreeable in the home. I am reminded of the old woman who woke up and asked her husband to get up and hunt for the medicine to rub her shoulder with, for she had the "rheumatiz." She continued to nudge him and he snored away. Finally she aroused him and he got up to hunt for the medicine. He could not find a match, and after he had run over three rocking chairs and had broken two bed rollers, he began going very slow. The old woman said,

"John, what are you doing." He said, "I am trying to keep my toes behind." He was backing over the house. Finally he reached what he thought to be the coveted medicine and came back to her and rubbed her shoulder real good. He thought if it was good for her shoulder, it would be good to rub her all over with it, so he proceeded to do so. She fell asleep at once and rested well until morning. Early in the morning she awoke and glanced down at her body and began crying. She said, "John, oh John, I am decaying, and I am not long for this old world." She said, "John, what will you do without me?" John said, "I'll just rest, I guess." She then began to cry and say, "not long for this old world, not long." John looked over at her and found to his astonishment that he had rubbed her with the bluing. He did as he was asked to do, though it was the wrong medicine; yet it worked just the same.

Take your wife out to some gentle, sunny slope, where the sunshine falls in splendor and star-beams gleam. Where nature seems to have lavished all her beauties and where butterflies play. Where humming birds sip the sweets from the roses, and where the skies seem to hang in softened beauty and rainbows love to linger. In a world filled with the dreams of life divine. Where hope seems to take on new life and where roses blush in more than Eden wealth. Sit down beside your wife and put your arm around her and draw her closer to your bosom. Tell her of the joys of other days, when life was young and her eyes were bright. Look down into her old, wrinkled and haggered face and say, "I love you still." Tell her she is your own dear sweetheart that she once was. Kiss her lips and sing "Mollie Darling" to her. See her eyes, once like the morning stars, now dim with years, sparkle. Tell her she is beautiful. (The Lord will pershaps forgive you for the lie.) In other words, court her as you once did, and feel her heart go pit-a-pat. What a glorious thing is love. It is for the young and old alike. It never grows old. Love is the sunbeam in morning's dreams and is the noblest of all our passions. It is the noontide ray of manhood's realizations. It is always interesting. It trem-

bles through the light young heart and weaves itself in webs of more than mortal beauty around our pathway. It is a light in the darkest hour. It is music in the ears of infancy and bright dreams to tottering footsteps. Love's imperial chariot rolls over the human heart and man bows to worship. It lays its arm around wealth's haughty head and it bows in meek submission. Toil lends a listening ear to love's pleadings. The snowy sails on ocean's briny bosom are drawn to ports through love's influence. It chisels itself on the stony heart and breaks the despot's throne. It is a despot against which we do not rebel. It twines its arms around broken hearts and heals all our wounds. It blooms at our firesides, grows in the church and matures in heaven. It is a rainbow of promise, arching time and spanning eternity. No home is complete without it. It wastes its fragrance on every life that passes by. When scorned it breathes woe and is like a tempest to the soul. It is nourished and fed by the elements of grief and the elements of joy. Love fills the soul with hope and hides a multitude of sins. It brought a Saviour from the sky and led fishermen to follow Christ.

It is a ladder to the child and a bulwark to the mature and a staff to old age. It is a dew-drop from heaven placed in man's soul. Its thoughts are pleasantness, its language is gentleness, its deeds are acts of compassion, and its footsteps are paths of peace. Abuse cannot overcome it. Temptation cannot mislead it. All other things may fail, but love will endure. It will abide for time and eternity. It conquers the drunkard, reforms the gambler, stops the robber from sin. Cherish it in your home and with you Christ will abide.

So many families never take a moment to speak one word of love to each other. They are cold, sordid, selfish beings in the home and the children go out in the world the same way. Husbands and wives have been separated because they never took time to speak a word of love in the home. Women blame their husbands for staying out late at night, but fail to remember that he receives unkindness when he comes home, let it be early or late. I am reminded of the old farmer who went over to an auction sale of old tigers from

Barnum's show. When the auctioneer had come to an old tiger, this farmer bid one hundred dollars for it, and a small showman bid two hundred and the farmer bid three hundred. The auctioneer went around to this old farmer and said, "I had as soon have your money as anyone's, but this tiger will kill you if you buy it; let the show man buy her in." The old farmer began crying and said, "You don't understand; my wife has been gone for three months and will be gone for four months longer, and I want something to remind me of her while she is away from home." Be gentle and kind as you were the day after you were married and home will always be happy and your husband will not have to buy any tigers to remember you by. Let me sing the old, sweet song, "When You and I Were Young, Maggie."

I wandered to-day to the hill, Maggie,
To watch the scenes below;
The creek and creaking old mill, Maggie,
As we used to long ago.
The green grove has gone from the hill, Maggie,
Where first the daisies sprung;
The creaking old mill is still, Maggie,
Since you and I were young.

Chorus:

And now we are aged and gray, Maggie,
And the trials of life nearly done;
Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

A city so silent and lone, Maggie,
Where the young and the gay and the best,
In polished white mansions of stone, Maggie,
Have each found a place of rest,
Is built where the birds used to play, Maggie,
And join in the songs that were sung;
For we sang as gay as they, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

And now I am feeble with age, Maggie,
My steps are less sprightly than then,
My face is a well-written page, Maggie,
But Time alone was the pen!

And now we are aged and gray, Maggie,
As spray from the white breakers flung;
But to me you are as fair as you were, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

Just gently sing this song now and then to your dear wife and see how she will smile. She is just as anxious for love now as when she was sixteen years old. She has not changed one bit, only in looks, but her heart is the same as it was in the long ago. The old woman said to her husband, "If you were to see some young girl, I am afraid you would cease to love me." He said, "What do I care for youth and beauty, you suit me alright." Be good to your husband, old sister, and don't abuse him for everything he does. If you continue to abuse him, he may finally get to the point that he will be like the man was who had been abused so much by his wife, and one night he was coming home late and she thought she would scare him so badly that she would break him of the habit of late hours. So, she wrapped up in a sheet, all except her face, and then stood by the roadside. Finally she heard him coming, and when he saw her he stopped and asked, "Who are you " She said, "I am the Devil." He said, "Come on down to the house, I married your sister."

When a man drinks he really needs bad treatment, but the question is: Will that break him of his bad ways? We have to use our better judgment. Some husbands will not work either and let the wife do all the drudgery around the home. Some women have to make the living for the family. Such a husband is only a pimple on the neck of existence and should be picked. There is such a thing as henpecked husbands and they, of course, are afraid to move without asking their wives. The hair is all off of the top of their heads. A bald-headed man only proves that his wife feels where he thinks. It is better to be bald on the outside than on the inside, but it is awful when you are both, brother.

My good sister, if you have a husband who won't work, do him like the poor woman did her's. His name was Henry and she always called him "Hen," because he "set"

around so much. He would sit at the store and whittle all the goods boxes up and talk about hard times. One day he became paralyzed and was carried home and the physician called. After he had looked him over, she said, "Doctor, how long can he live in this condition?" The doctor said, "He may live twenty years." She sighed, for she did not want him to live twenty years in any condition. "Hen" had now became a layer and he could do nothing but lay. One day a neighbor sent in some eggs for them and his wife was showing the eggs to him. "Hen" could not move in any way, except his mouth and eyes, but in trying to see the eggs, she titlted the basket and one egg rolled out unnoticed to either of them and remained under the cover right by "Hen" for twenty-one days, when it hatched out a chicken. From that time on she used "Hen" as an incubator and got rich. If you have a husband who won't work, set him, and you will make money.

Mothers, make the home a pleasant spot for the children. You will be remembered in the years to come for what you did and for the way you trained them to go. Children look back to dear good mothers and love them. If you are a street-walker, your name will not be cherished very highly by your children. Let Christ be your refuge and the Bible your book, and you are sure to be loved after awhile when your children have gone from your home. Don't be afraid but what appreciation will come. Your prayers will never be forgotten and the songs you sing in childish ears will still be remembered long after you are dust. Live so that your influence will always be for good.

I stood upon the thoroughfare and heard the "Army" sing,
And my thoughts went back to mother like a bird upon the wing.
I could see her in the moonlight there reclining in her chair,
As I heard the "Army" singing "My Name in Mother's Prayer."

I could see her bending sweetly o'er the pillows where I lay,
For she seemed so much an angel when she taught me how to pray.
I could feel her lips still burning as she kissed me for the night,
Saying God would keep her darling, when she took away the light.

Years have passed and I have wandered like a sheep that goes astray,
Still I often think of mother and the old home far away;
And I almost feel forsaken when I see a stranger frown,
But the "Army" sings "Speak Kindly to a Man When He Is Down."

And they sing the old songs over that I once could sing with joy—
"Jesus, Like a Shepherd Lead Us" and "Where Is My Wandering Boy"
Till I wonder if there's mercy, hope for me if I could dare,
Just to kneel with them a moment in "The Blessed Hour of Prayer."

I am often heavy laden, weary with the empty strife,
Till I feel that I am driftwood on the surging waves of life;
And perhaps there's truth in singing that "The Half Has Never Yet Been Told,"
For the "Army" seems so certain of "Those Sunset Gates of Gold."

Even if I never glory in the presence of the King,
Let me steal a little closer to the "Army" when they sing;
For their songs bring dreams of mother and the things she taught to me,
When my life was full of sunshine and my altar was her knee.

Let me steel a little closer to the promise that I gave,
When in tenderness we bore her to the church-yard and the grave;
For if all her prayers are answered, God of Heaven, I must know,
"Though my sins be as scarlet, I shall be white as snow."

This little poem, written by Oliver Allstorm, represents a man as listening to the Salvation Army singing on the streets of a city, and his thoughts go back to mother. Mother is the sweetest of all earthly beings and ties herself more closely to the life because she is constantly with the child. Those who mistreat mother and father will regret it in the years to come. Memories will not be sweet for those who fail to love parents. Mother will soon be gone from earth and then how sweet it will be to remember that you treated her with respect while she lived. Young man, if you are away from home write to mother every week and tell her that you love her still. The girl or boy who never writes to mother, or writes only seldom, hardly ever rises above the common crowd. Always show your appreciation. Think often of the old home and wander there in your dreams. Take mother by the hand and sit by her side; be a child

again and listen to the story again of how the Christ was born in the long ago. Let mother's songs flow into your ears. She perhaps kneels to-night to pray for you. Her prayer is worth a thousand worlds to you, my boy, and you cannot afford to forget her or neglect her. She would stand by you until the end of life, whether you were disgraced or honored. You have a thousand things to think and dream of, while she has only you. Her world is not as broad as yours, perhaps, and more than that, she does not desire to go further for sweet dreams.

The streets of the city seemed filled with delight
And glad with the babble of joy;
Gay voices of pleasure made merry the night
And dwelt in the thoughts of a boy.
The reefs of distress in that ocean of strife,
Were hid in its sparkle and foam,
And youth found no time in the laughter of life
To write to the loved ones at home.
He loved them, ah yes! for he knew they were true
And would serve him in sickness or health,
No task that their hands would most joyfully do
To aid him in want or in wealth.

At morning or evening they whispered his name,
Though far from their paths he would roam,
Yet found he no time in his pleasures—for shame!—
To write to the loved ones at home.

A message—"Your mother is dead, and she died
With the name of her boy on her tongue."
And oh, for the letter her heart was denied,—
The song that can never be sung!
And all through the years he was angry at Fate,
Quite after the manner of men,
But oh, 'twas forever and ever too late
To write to that mother again.

If you want your boys and girls to be all they should be, train them right in youth. They have all the brains they will ever have when they come into this world, but we can draw out and train what they have. Education means to pluck out the weeds of vice and implant in their stead the flowers of virtue. Let me stop right here, for I see some

sad and sorrowful ones here to-night. They are old bachelors and old maids. They are longing for some one to love them right now. It would take sure enough somebody to love them and I would not fool you. There was an old maid in Florida, and the census taker ran into the house, and being in a hurry, asked in a quick tone, "What is your name." "How old are you?" She said "twenty-two" when it should have been forty-two. He then asked, "Are you married or single?" And she fell right into his arms. She thought he had proposed to her. The little girl asked her Aunt Kate, "Are you an old maid?" "Yes," was the reply, but she said, "it does not behoove you to speak of it." "Don't be mad, Aunt Kate," said the little girl, "I know you are not to blame." I think of the two old maids who were talking to each other and one said, "Sallie, would a big, long stocking hold all you want for Christmas?" "No, Maud, but two short socks would."

An old bachelor has a hard time of it, for he is afraid of all the women and a married man is only afraid of his wife. The old bachelor's name was "Bennie," and the old maid's name, "Annie.' After awhile she said to him, "I have certainly been benefitted to-night," and he said, "Yes, and I have been Annemated." I beg pardon for calling them old maids, for they are not old maids, but just "ladies in waiting."

The hills covered with the fresh beauty of the springtime or the autumn tints of the rainbow, stir within us a love for the beautiful, as we gaze upon fields of flowers or skies of azure blue. We look upon the sunset with its strange new beauties, its crimson eye of light, and watch the streams of gold as they fall upon the dark folds of the storm cloud resting upon the far-away western horizon, where a rainbow hangs in splendor and tosses her kisses back to black clouds and pencils smiles on the cheek of the storm. The extent of our appreciation depends on what we have been taught to appreciate and enjoy. From these pleasures we derive happiness. Every life desires happiness, usefulness and success, but these things can only be enjoyed by conforming to moral

laws while obtaining our education. We must study, work and pray. The one who has indulged in sin, fought life's battles with no object save to gratify his passions and his lusts, cannot enjoy the same privileges as the one who gives his time and talents to the service of God and his fellowman. The mind must first be trained to appreciate and enjoy certain things before it can do so.

The cannibal tribes of wildest Africa can plunder, lay waste, kill and feast upon one like unto themselves, while we would turn sick at such cruelty and slaughter. The savage has feelings like our own, but he has not been trained to see life in its higher and holier meaning. The robber can take from the poor and helpless and be content with his unjust gain, while we stand by and drop a tear for the ones who were victims of rough hands. The gambler can take that for which he has not labored and laugh at the one less fortunate in sin. He thinks not of children he is stealing from, nor of a poor wife who weeps at home for a wandering husband. His thought is gain at any cost, and money to him is worth more than life. The man who sells liquor gives to his fellow man that which corrupts and destroys the life and soul, and then kicks the poor wretch out on the street to die, while those who are cultured and refined and who love souls more than money, will fight the temperance battle, spend time and money to prevent such wholesale slaughter of men. The savage Indian, with a manly form, lifts his tomahawk and mangles the bodies of men and women who cry for mercy at his feet; he lays his scalping knife to their ears and dances around their lifeless forms, but his heart is untouched by pity or sympathy. He has no culture or training, and therefore cannot be moved to penitence. Those who are cultured and refined had rather be the victims than the victor in such slaughter as this. So, we may conclude that our education and instruction must have the principle of right and justice instilled before we can truly say that we are intelligently and morally instructed.

Look, if you will, from the cleft of the yawning chasm of the Grand Canyon. What thoughts fill your mind of a

Master Creator who scooped out with his hand this great gash in the earth's bowels and cleansed it with the onrushing tide of the Colorado? Its grandeur and depth cannot be contemplated by man's puny mind. He wonders who touched it with a painter's brush and gave it tints and hues of all the rainbow colors. Its brilliancy and glory is seen nowhere else on earth. Fancies flood the soul and we live in realms of delight. You revel in dreamland and walk in bowers of enchantment. Close your eyes upon the scene and there is no beauty or wonder there unless it is the beauty that lingers within the soul. Go through the great Yellowstone Park and behold the beauties and wonders of nature there. See nature in her maddest form—the great geysers shooting their hot floods upward and roaring like the maddened tempest. Stop your ears and turn your back and the grandeur has passed save in the vision of memory. Could the uncultured mind enjoy such a scene? If not, then the grandeur must be looked for in the mind and not in the water. The beauty is in the soul and not in the coloring the great canyon.

Look upon the clouds marshalling their black squadrons; see the lightning's gleam; hear the thunders roar; see the forest bend and the grand old woods nodding; floods pouring from every ravine and gash in the mountain side; rivers plunging toward the mighty sea. The rainbow that spans the heavens after the storm has spent its force is the smile of God's best promise. We here conclude that the majesty of the storm is not in the clouds or rain, but is in the inner soul, and is aroused into action by the mighty sweep of the tempest. The rainbow blushing on the cheek of the beholder is beautiful only to the extent of the appreciation of him who sees. We can at once see that we must begin early to put the right kind of knoweldge into our gourds, if our lives in the future are to be filled with usefulness.

We should ever seek to be able to give expression to our thoughts. No man is so cramped as the one who cannot express himself to the world. He is like the fellow who went to see his best girl with the intention of proposing, but never

could get things to come around right. He went to see her at seven o'clock in the evening, and when he sat down he said, "It is fine weather to-night." She said, "It is fine weather." At eight o'clock he moved closer to her and said, "It is fine weather to-night." She said, "It is fine weather." He would swallow hard, but could say nothing else. At nine o'clock he moved still closer to her and said, "It is fine weather to-night," and she said, "It is fine weather." At ten o'clock he moved closer to her and said, "It is fine weather to-night." She said, "It is fine weather." He could never get his hands in the right place. His feet seemed to him to be larger than ever before. There was a large lump in his throat and he never said one word between his comments on the night. He would sweat and mop his face with a red handkerchief and play with his fingers. He would not look at her, but he could faintly see her chubby hand and he had a notion to lay his hand on her chair, but then he thought he could not afford to do so. At eleven o'clock he moved still closer to her, but not right against her chair. He said, "It is fine weather to-night." She said, "It is fine weather." About that time her mother looked over the banisters at the top of the stairs and said, "Sal, is that young man there yet?" She said, "No, mother, but he is getting there."

Young men and women, learn to hold to the hand of Jesus, and while you are amid doubts and fears, realize there is a realm of unclouded day. Your doubts arise now and then, but banish them, for God still lives. The little five-year-old boy was climbing the stairway, and he stopped and said, "Papa, are you up there?" "Yes, son, I am here; come on." The father was in his study, but the little fellow wanted to be assured he was still there. After climbing a step or two more, he would ask, "Papa, are you still there?" And the answer would come, "Yes, son, I am here; come on." Then another step or two was made and again the little fellow inquired, "Papa, are you there?" And the answer would come, "Yes, son, I am here; come on." Then the top of the stairs was reached and into the father's arms

the little one ran and was clasped close to his bosom. So, in life's dreary pathway, as we climb toward the eternal home, we pause and ask, "Father, are you still there?" And ever there comes the answer, "Yes, son, I am here; come on," and we toil on again. But bye and bye we are again confronted with some great trial and we ask again, "Father, are you there?" and then comes the answer through His word, "Yes, my son, I am here; come on," and sometime when the light of life burns low and the sun at last sets, and we reach the top of that golden stair, there we shall find the Father and into His arms rush and His bosom will be our refuge forever and ever. Angels will then be our companions and we shall walk and talk with them throughout endless ages. I would rather be able this evening to point some young woman or some young man to a higher life and fix his or her hope on Christ than to have the wealth of the world. Let us live to help others, for that is really the mission of man on earth. Give your fellowman a lift wherever you may find him. Smile and reach out a helping hand to him. Let all whom you meet know you are not selfish.

Did you give him a lift? He is a brother of man
And bearing about all the burden he can.
Did you give him a smile? He was downcast and blue
And that smile would have helped him to battle it through.
Did you give him your hand? He was slipping down hill,
And the world, so I fancied, was using him ill.
Did you give him a word? Did you show him the road?
Or did you just let him go on with his load?

Did you help him along? He's a sinner like you,
But the grasp of your hand might have helped him through.
Did you bid him good cheer? Just a word and a smile
Were what he most needed that last weary mile.
Did you know what he bore in that burden of cares?
That is every man's load and that sympathy shares?
Did you ever try to find out what he needed from you
Or did you just leave him to battle it through?

Don't you know it's the part of a brother of man
To find what the grief is and help when you can?
Did you stop when he asked you to give him a lift,

Or were you so busy you left him to shift?
Oh, I know what you meant; what you say may be true;
But the test of your manhood is what did you do?
Did you reach out your hand? Did you find him a road?
Or did you just let him go by with his load?

We are on the road from time to eternity and our greatest business is to help each other on the journey. A happy home is the gateway to heaven. Contentment is a jewel. Life is such a treasure to the one who smiles through the years and the end will be like the halos of the sunset. I have always hoped to make people happy and to bless every home into which I enter. I am going to meet some of you people again. Even though I never see you at one of my lectures, I shall expect to meet you where the river of life empties into the sea of glory. I want to tell you when you have blessed me and not leave the roses for your tomb. I want to cheer you while you live. We have laughed together to-night and we hope to laugh together where the flowers bloom forever. When your spirit takes its flight to the realms of life on a chariot, more glorious than that in which old Elijah rode, I hope your fitness for the glory land may be traced to some extent to this night of joy. If I have helped you this evening, come and tell me so. I want to know it while I live. I have sought to implant good lessons in your heart and we have laughed to soften your soul, so the impressions could be made.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him, yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should kind words ne'er be said.
Of a friend—till he is dead?

I see some old mossy fellows out in the audience now, who are beginning to look real sweet at their wives. Now, ladies, they are not going crazy, as you would suppose; they are only trying to put this lecture into effect. It would be a great sight to see one of these old rusty fellows tickle his wife under her chin and make googoo eyes at her. Don't each

one of you expect to see the other begin this loving business first. You have a wife very much like your neighbor. I am reminded of the fellow who was driving to town with a load of wood and was about to meet a man and his wife in an automobile on the side of a hill. There was a broad place in the middle of the hill and the man in the auto wanted to let this man with the wood pass middle-way of the hill, but his wife would not let him stop. The fellow on the top of the hill overheard their conversation and finally said, "That's alright, brother, I will lay down the fence and go through the field, for I have one at home just like her."

Let your wife always know where you are of evenings and you will always be happy—that is, if you are in the right place. The woman was crying as she returned from burying her husband, but she seemed all at once to brighten up and said, "There is one consolation in it, for I will know where John is of evenings." But she may have been mistaken, for there were two places for John to go to.

Don't be jealous, ladies, for your husband may not look even as well to other women as he does to you. He may be somewhat lop-sided and run-down at the heel, which thing you have never noticed. Jealousy is a wretched thing for the home life with either the man or the woman. It will drive all pleasure and enjoyment away, and it can be cultivated out of your life. It makes you restless and uneasy all the time. Nobody wants your old man; you could not give him away if you were to try. Your wife is not so beautiful as she once was and very few people pay much attention to her. Then why be jealous of her? If you marry a jealous partner, you will make a mistake and be glad to get rid of her. I think of the old fellow whose wife died and the day of the funeral came, and when they were carrying her out of the door one fellow stumped his toe and fell down and the casket burst open and the old woman came right out, got up and was alright. She lived for two more years and died again, and when the day of burial came and the men had gotten hold of the casket good, the old man crippled over and said, "Boys, be careful and don't fall;

they did it before and I thought it would almost kill me." He wanted to be sure of her that time and no one must make a mistake. It is an awful thing to have to live with somebody you do not love and not congenial with in life. It is like the fellow at church, when the preacher asked all the board to remain after the sermon. One fellow staid and the preacher went back and asked what he wanted? The fellow said, "You asked for all the board to stay awhile and I certainly was bored." Lots of married men are bored all day long from year in and year out, mostly out.

The two fellows were in love with the girl and a man said, "I'll bet the wrong fellow gets her," and another man standing near said, "Which one?" "It doesn't matter which," replied the first man.

The woman went to the seance to talk to her dead husband, and after some time she got him. "Is that you, John," she said. "Yes," came the answer in loud tones. She said, "John, do you like to live where you are better than you do here?" "Yes," came the reply. She said, "John, heaven must be a dear, sweet place or you would want to come back and live with your dear, sweet wife." "Heaven nothin'," came the reply, "I'm not in heaven." But he did not care to come back, even though he was down below.

Parents, are you not responsible for your child to a great measure? Will his or her failure be laid at your door? Have you done your best for your children or have you indulged them and now want to blame the child with what you taught it to do? Be careful, parents, what you put into your child's gourd or what you allow them to put in. No child can be allowed to do as it pleases in childhood and early youth and be very much when it comes to maturity in years. Don't kick about your child's disposition, if you have helped to make it bad. Young men and women learn early to take life easy, and never kick over the place you occupy on the ladder, for you are responsible for your position after you have come to act for yourself. First the parent's responsibility, and then the child's comes next.

Young man, as you start out on life's journey,
  Take this advice, for you'll need it:
Go slow, don't think you know all things,
  Where good counsel's given you heed it.
Now, bub, as you take up the journey,
  This advice I give you will stick;
Learn to take all things easy, my good boy,
  Whatever you do, don't kick.

If you fail to have system in business,
  And fret and quibble and wrangle,
You need only expect losses and crosses
  And things in a general tangle.
If you should be tempted to jockey—
  To cheat, or to learn a new trick—
Don't growl if the other man beats you,
  Whatever may happen, don't kick.

If people are green, never mind it,
  If, in fact, it don't concern you;
Never try to do wonders, don't bite off
  Any more than you can well chew.
If you meddle with other folk's business,
  And get knocked on the head with a brick,
Don't wonder, my boy, you deserved it,
  Go home, soak yo' head, but don't kick.

If your true love should jilt you and tilt you,
  And turn up her nose if you grieve;
Should the other chap beat you and cheat you,
  And take her and skip out and leave.
Then cheer up, don't cry, never mind it,
  But go out in the wide world and pick
One's that truer and wiser and better,
  But don't be a booby—don't kick.

Now, if any one here wants his money back, let him come to me after the lecture is over and ask me for it—and I won't give it to him. Whatever this lecture may bring me in life, in the way of money, is small compared to the good I hope to do with it. I want to help you to higher ideals of life and to an appreciation of the divine as you walk here below. We all live for something. Let us look up and find what that something is. May the prayers of parents and kindred and friends go with you and bless you as you toil on for a better

life. Let your imagination rove, young men and women, but never let it prostitute your soul in the realms of folly. Live so that when the final summons comes you can go to walk where bright waters ripple in the paradise of God and stars glitter and angels sing forever. Let me point you to that city where there is no sorrow; where no hearse has ever been driven, and where no door has ever been decorated with mourning. Where God wipes all tears away and where life is a treasure sublime. Let me point you to the skies which are always fair, and to the stream of life which flows over pebbles of gold and sands of silver. Where blooming rose-gardens are the playgrounds for the angels and the redeemed. Where hills of purple beauty rise and glory fills the soul forever. This world is a poor place, except we prepare for a better one while we live here, but if we do, then this world is a beautiful place to live. Beyond these azure skies are mansions of real delight. Beyond these hills that rise around us here, are glory retreats of the infinite. The whisper of the angels in our ears will be glad music where that city "lieth four square," and where the loved ones of long ago shall be restored to our hearts. The music from angels' harps will be sweeter than the melody of far-off water falls, or the roar of the ocean before the traveler has reached the side of the sea. We are filled with delight as we gaze upon this world with its beauty, with its hills and valleys and rich harvest fields, but what shall be our delight as we enter into that land filled with music and song, there to dwell in the presence of our King forever? Those who died on this earth among the bursting buds of hope shall there live and abide with us forever. These rugged roads here will not seem so thorny after we shall have reached that city beyond these sunset gates of gold. Let me admonish you now, as I close, to do all the good you can for your fellow man, remembering that it will all come back to you. It is the message I leave with you to-night to help those who walk with you here. Lose yourself for another and you shall find life eternal where the grass never withers and the roses bloom forever. I could not conclude this address better than

by giving you some stanzas of a beautiful poem, which expresses that thought of living to help those about you.

I will not worry o'er things I hate,
  Nor be discourged by the wrongs I see,
But carefully look to the measure I mete,
  For measured back 'twill be to me.
I'll cheerfully forgive any small or high
  Misjudgments which I've had from thee,
'Twill all come right in the by-and-by,
  When the measure I mete is measured to me.

I'll place no stone in another's way,
  Nor shirk my duties though hard they be.
I'll bear my part of every load
  For such makes life much sweeter to me.
I'll do my best through all my days,
  Idle and careless I will not be,
For some will glean from my weary ways
  After the measure I mete is measured to me.

Give me your hand for guide and stay,
  Your words and looks for comfort, too;
Do kindly by me every day,
  All measured back 'twill be to you.
I want your smiles, they're little things,
  Though fresh and sweet and always new,
In the chorus of life they're lovely strings,
  Some day they'll make sweet music for you.

We're hastening on with rapid feet,
  And soon will print our farewell track,
We're measuring out but seldom think,
  'Twill all to us be measured back.
Yes, measured back we soon shall see,
  It measured back to you and me.
Yes, measured back on earth 'twill be
  As well as through eternity.

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